The
COMMONWEAL

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Sad Mr. Byrnes

AS MUCH as a responsible foreign minister can, Mr. Byrnes let down his back hair in his radio report on the most recent meeting of the Big Four foreign ministers in Paris. Obviously our Secretary of State tries to present the outcome of that meeting in a light as favorable to himself as possible, and he seeks equally obviously to win American public support for the general terms agreed upon in connection with the Italian treaty. Yet the total effect of what he had to say is gloomy indeed and leaves one wondering what result Mr. Byrnes hopes may emerge from his very straight talk about the obstructionist tactics of the Soviet Union.

By now a reader could scarcely be blamed if he has a certain feeling of bewilderment as to the various functions of the many various conferences which seem to have been endlessly taking place for so many months. The set-up, briefly, is this: the making of treaties of peace terminating the war was, by agreement of the big powers, entrusted primarily to the foreign ministers of these powers, or to their deputies if the deputies could reach agreement in the absence of their principals. The foreign ministers, under this arrangement, were to produce draft treaties, which would then be submitted to the belligerents on our side at a general conference for discussion and *suggestion.* The revised drafts of these treaties would finally have to be approved by the foreign ministers of the big powers. The entire intention of this procedure was the same as that of the veto written into the United Nations charter: to prevent anything being done which might displease any one of the big powers.

Naturally the smaller nations, several of whom have proportionately suffered greater losses or have more greatly contributed to the war effort than the larger nations, have continuously fought against this centralization and capitulation to power and strength as criteria of infallibility. As Dr. Evatt of Australia recently put it in another of his bold appeals against big power hegemony, "It is a fallacy to suppose that all knowledge and all wisdom reside at the center of military power." If any lesson was taught by the League of Nations, it was precisely this lesson, since many of the finest things done by the League were dreamed up and done precisely by representatives of nations laughably feeble from the point of view of power. Yet Dr. Evatt's preaching has so far found a response only among his peers; David has great pertinacity and is a bold fellow, but this time Goliath gives no sign of being vulnerable.

The stage we have reached, then, is that draft treaties with certain of our minor enemies have finally been argued out and will shortly be submitted for further argument (having no weight) on the part of the small fry. And to have achieved this much has involved a process which Mr. Byrnes describes with bitter wit. He is speaking of the zero progress made toward any settlement with Germany and Austria.

> Perhaps the time taken in discussion was not wholly lost, because our experience suggests that understandings, particularly with our Soviet friends, cannot be reached until we have gone through rounds of verbal combat, in which old complaints are repeated, past positions reaffirmed, differences accentuated and crises provoked.
>
> I am ready to believe it is difficult for them to understand us, just as it is difficult for us to understand them. But I sometimes think our Soviet friends fear we would think them weak and soft if they agreed without a struggle on anything we wanted, even though they wanted it too. Constant struggle, however, is not always helpful in a world longing for peace.

And we should like to add that we suspect Messrs. Molotov, Gromyko, *et soc.,* quite apart from their ideology and their hope, are getting a wonderful self-satisfaction merely out of their own cussedness.

The Fate of Germany

IT IS happy to quote Soviet Foreign Minister Molotov with the warmest agreement and approval: "The time has come when we should dis-

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cuss the fate of Germany and a peace treaty with that country."

It is again sorrowful to note that the discussion among the Foreign Ministers led immediately to an impasse. Secretary Byrnes was forced to report to the people on 15 July: "While the Council [of Big Four Representatives] made real progress toward peace with Italy and the ex-satellite states, it made no progress at all on the German and Austrian questions. . . . It is no secret that the four-power control of Germany on a zonal basis is not working well from the point of view of any of the four powers"—not to mention the Germans.

Those difficult "great powers" do, apparently, agree that there can be no German settlement and treaty until there is a government of Germany to deal with. No one knows, or at least no one has said, what exactly are the road blocks stopping progress on the path toward a responsible German government.

The recent Byrnes-Molotov-Bevin-Bidault discussions dealt openly with at least three defineable barriers. The status of the Ruhr, Rhineland and Saar—an obstacle previously rather monopolized by France—was brought up and left vaguely suspended in the air. Mister Molotov slapped Mister Bidault, and no proposal evidently remained sufficiently definite to divide allies. The Soviet complained about the course of demilitarizing the West of Germany—meaning the elimination of German Army formations—particularly the British Zone, and the Western Powers asked how the Russians were doing in annihilating German war production in the East. . . . "We asked that the Control Commission investigate the accuracy of both reports. The British and the French agreed. But the Soviet Government would not agree to the investigation unless we limited it to the dis-armament of armed forces." Finally, the question of reparations came up, the Russians displaying their typical if not ideal avarice for the hard property of the West—$10,000,000,000 worth from Germany demanded at this point. Mr. Byrnes said they had already corralled $14,000,000,000 worth of reparations with no by-your-leave, and he implied he thought that enough.

Two greater and still less clearly defined issues concern the degree of German political unity the Powers will accept, and the degree of industrialism that will prove acceptable all round. The new German Government can't grow until these issues are reduced to more manageable proportions. It is to be hoped that the Russians succeeded finally in putting the quietus on the vague "Morgenthau-Bernstein" murderous and suicidal "hard-peace-goat-pasture" notions which had so ambiguous but powerful a place in American calculations during early occupation. "The Soviet Government has always held that the spirit of revenge is a poor counselor in such affairs," Molotov convincingly said. Russia spoke for a sound German over-all economy for the sake of Germany, Europe and the peace of the world, and Secretary Byrnes, in his way, seemed to agree. The agreement is still very vague and unspecified, but on this front one might hope that basic division can be reduced to dimensions which will not block peace indefinitely.

The degree of unity to be allowed Germany raises harder questions. "Partition, federalization, unity" are so far only figures of speech or names of tendencies. Apparently Molotov came out for unity in his July 10 statement, strongly. Evidently the French are finally agreeing not to demand some impossible autonomy for the Ruhr-Westphalia and the Rhine. Byrnes specified that our Government desires "the central administrative agencies necessary to administer Germany as an economic unit, and to arrange for the exchange of products between the zones and for a balanced program of imports and exports," with the "movement of people, trade and ideas" not absurdly restricted. But the whole meaning of the Byrnes report seemed to be that there is flat disagreement: that the Soviets are blocking any useful step to the over-all reorganization of Germany.

The rub, we feel, comes in certain Russian communist prepossessions. Molotov sickeningly reiterated that he wants Germany "a democratic and peace-loving state." The echoes of that series of adjectives reverberates through the tragic shells of all the tyrannized Soviet satellite states from Finland to Iran. Every man in the world who is unwilling to bow down to Stalin and give his life to advancing communism must feel a disconcerting speed-up of glandular secretions when he hears the Soviet Foreign Commissar state: "But even when a German government has been set up, it will take a number of years to check up on what this new German government represents and whether it is trustworthy. A future German government must be such a democratic government as will be able to extirpate the remnants of fascism in Germany, and at the same time fulfill Germany's obligations toward the Allies. . . ."

The fundamental issue naturally comes out most clearly in confronting Germany, the center of our recent war.

A for Able

THE BEHAVIOR of the press before and after the first phase of Operations Crossroads was one of the less endearing aspects of an extremely sad affair. In the editorial afterglow that followed the explosion at Bikini a large section of the disconsolate press announced bitterly that the whole business had been over-promoted, and for about twenty-four hours it appeared that Admiral Blandy and his task force might be in for the kind

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of treatment recently handed the management of the Twentieth Century Sporting Club. But on the second day things began to pick up. On the basis of later returns the Admiral was able to assure the press that the damage was worse, much worse than early surveys had indicated; the long range havoc was splendid and the maddening goats who had at first come out of the blast uninjured were showing heartening signs of a falling blood count, a certain indication they wouldn't last very long. As this is written the newspapers seem mollified and everyone is looking forward cheerfully to the next try. With B for Baker, Admiral Blandy says, there should be all kinds of snapped hulls in the lagoon and tidal wave fans can look forward to a rush of water somewhere between fifty and a hundred feet high.

If anything less than the atomic bomb were involved in these performances, the cries of overpromotion that arose out of the press box would be merely absurd and a little funny. Because everyone came out of the Bikini experiment alive and only a half-dozen of the target ships were destroyed, the newspapers seemed to feel that someone had deceived their innocent subscribers. In this case "someone" was apparently the Army, or the Navy, or the people on the Manhattan Project, or, more generally, "the Government." A hasty reading of the newspapers during the last two weeks in June will show that any hoodwinking came right out of the editorial rooms. If the newspaper readers judged the atomic bomb drop according to standards more appropriate to the Louis-Conn fight, then the newspapers themselves are to blame. A good deal of the newspaper treatment of Operations Crossroads was in the best Lindbergh trial tradition of journalism, culminating in a graceless exploitation of relatives of the men who dropped the bomb. It would be pretty hard to believe that such inglorious news hunting was forced on the press by the public relations section assigned to Admiral Blandy's task force. We look forward to journalism's handling of the second (just under water) and third (deep in the ocean) rounds.

Some of Our Soldiers

WHEN it is the Russian soldiers who rape and rob and bully, it is the Russians, all the Russians because they are communists and Russians and foreigners; when it is American soldiers who now are raping, thieving and bullying in occupied Japan it is a "minority" offsetting "all the efforts of the great mass of fine, orderly, well-mannered and upstanding soldiers to make the occupation a success." But it is not pleasant to read even about the actions of this minority of "drunken bullies" when it is an American minority; it is not pleasant to know that "there are many indications of a deliberate, arrogant, bullying attitude" even when the sentence continues "on the part of some of our soldiers"; it is painful to know that "some soldiers appear to feel that it is their duty to 'toughen up' the occupation . . . [demonstrating] their superiority by injuring small, undernourished Japanese"—even if it is only *some* soldiers who seem to feel that way.

Because in this war, in the last war, in all the wars that are in all the books, it has become quite clear that it is always *some* soldiers of any army, even of the worst army of our worst enemies, or of any other nation's enemies, who commit the crimes. It is never *all* soldiers, because there are always a few Visigoths, a few Huns, a few of Napoleon's men, a few of the Kaiser's men, a few of Hitler's men who are so tired that they want to sleep, who are so kind-hearted that they want to love, who are so homesick that they make a home wherever they are—and who commit no crimes. In the American Army occupying Japan there will be some Lafcadio Hearns.

It is not particularly interesting to figure the percentages between good and bad soldiers in an occupying army. What is interesting is to attempt to discover what the various armies are doing about their good and bad soldiers, and what they consider a good soldier or a bad one, and for what reasons.

The Russians appear to think that anything in a conquered country belongs to a Russian soldier whether good or bad—that is until he has brought it home to Russia when it no longer belongs to the soldier but to the state. The Russian soldier brings back the small objects; the Russian state brings back larger objects such as factories and machinery. Americans, individually, bring back souvenirs, and if they safely get them home they keep them, unless the Princess wants to get married and misses her jewels and then the Americans, individually, get into trouble. American troops in Japan have sent home $35,000,000 more than they have been paid—so that they must be stealing only on a small scale, mostly they must be selling American army equipment.

But all this about stealing, selling and confiscation is avoiding the issue. The quotations above concerning the "disgusting actions" of some American soldiers are from a letter written by General Eichelberger, commander of Allied ground troops in Japan and read to all American forces. So that whether or not the Russian army approves of the "disgusting actions" of some of its soldiers, it is clear that the American Army does not. That being so, it is not clear at all why groups of young hoodlums in American uniforms are permitted to roam the streets of Japanese cities. Unless one has to suppose that in this army the General can do nothing but talk to officers who can do nothing but talk to enlisted men who can do what they like.

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Third Party?

The chances for success are very slim indeed

John C. Cort

NOT SINCE 1924, when the Progressives polled 4,000,000 votes and Coolidge won, has there been so much talk about a third party. The strongest stimulants for this talk, in order of strength, are as follows: the dissatisfaction of labor and liberal elements with the Truman administration; the smashing success of England's Labor Party and, in lesser degree, of other left-wing parties in Europe; and the shift in the Communist Party line attendant upon the end of the war and the downfall of Earl Browder.

The CP's have certainly been the warmest and loudest supporters of the third party idea, which they believe should enter the stage of organization "sometime early in '47." During the outburst of union bitterness over Truman's "draft labor" law, however, the comrades, sensing an opportunity which didn't quite exist, tried to stampede the labor movement into immediate action. This move fizzled, and they have since resigned themselves again to waiting until after the November elections.

If third party talk were limited to the CP's there would be little reason to take it seriously. But the talk has also been coming from some of the most active anti-communists in both AFL and CIO, namely, from such men as Walter Reuther and John Green in the CIO, David Dubinsky and A. Philip Randolph in the AFL. Out in Seattle we even find Catholics like H. K. Kendall, AFL editor, whooping it up for a national labor party. In CIO circles in Michigan—left, right and center—the talk has become so strong that the Detroit ACTU (Association of Catholic Trade Unionists) weekly, *The Wage Earner,* bending to the gale, has taken a kind of "well, maybe" position without actually committing itself.

Most of the non-communist agitation, however, has come from Socialist and Social Democratic quarters. These have banded together, along with elements from the Liberal Party of New York, the Michigan Commonwealth Federation and the cooperative movement, and have organized something with the ponderous name of National Educational Committee for a New Party. There have been two well-attended conferences, one in Chicago and one in Detroit, with the next one scheduled for December.

The temporary chairman of this group is Randolph, a socialist, and it is an inside tip-off on the leading spirits that the three men who drew up its statement of policy at Chicago were Daniel Bell, social democrat and former managing editor of the *New Leader;* Lewis Corey, a highly independent socialist; and Clayton Fountain, ex-communist and one of Walter Reuther's right-hand men.

So when you boil it all down you find that about 90 percent of those who have been most active and articulate are people who have long been associated with independent political action of either a CP, SP or social democratic (*alias* Liberal) complexion. Still, except for the stubbornly lone-wolf SP, all of these groups have at one time or another thrown their weight behind Democratic candidates on state and national tickets since Roosevelt first started running in 1932. Consequently, their sudden loss to the Democratic Party is by no means to be regarded lightly, inasmuch as their brains, enthusiasm and influence are far in excess of their actual numbers.

It is amusing to note that both the CP's and the NECNP people accompany all their exhortations with a solemn warning against "the premature launching" of a third party. By which the CP's mean of course any launching at which the NECNP is swinging the champagne, and vice versa. This nervous competition between the two groups has led some spectators to ask the question: "Who is going to be third and who is going to be fourth?"

Just as you find those who have always been outside the Democratic Party to be the most vigorous drumbeaters for a third party, so conversely, you find those labor and liberal elements who have been most closely associated with the Democrats to be the outstanding opponents of the idea. These include, in particular, a man without whose support any such movement would be doomed to a life of idle dreams, namely, Phil Murray.

Few People remember that Murray, president of the CIO, head of the steelworkers and former vice-president of the miners, is an important man in the Democratic organization of Pennsylvania and especially Pittsburgh, where steelworkers and miners are as thick as the smoke. He is also a regular delegate to Democratic conventions and

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in 1940 was picked by State leaders to second the nomination of Henry Wallace for vice-president, an occasion which he described at the time as "the proudest moment of my life."

By its very nature any independent labor party must draw mainly upon the CIO for its strength. Therefore it should be a sobering thought when the popular president of the CIO, speaking for both CIO and PAC, makes the statement Murray did a few months back, that "we have discarded at this time and for the foreseeable future all proposals to establish in the United States a third political party." It might be objected that Murray could not "foresee" at that time the Truman labor draft. But then it might be answered that neither could he foresee Truman's brave and spectacular veto of OPA emasculation.

★

The sudden death of Sidney Hillman, chairman of CIO's PAC (Political Action Committee) might have serious effects on this whole question. For Hillman was one of the staunchest supporters of the Murray point of view, even stauncher perhaps than Murray himself. Statements by Hillman in criticism of Truman were almost sensational by their absence. His devotion to Roosevelt, the high office he enjoyed as co-chairman of the OPM, the kernel of truth that gave rise to the "clear-it-with-Sidney" propaganda at the Chicago convention in '44—all these things made the PAC chairman extremely reluctant to cash in his chips on the Democrats.

The choice of Hillman's successor for the PAC job is probably one of the toughest and most crucial that Murray will ever make. A man whose position on the CP question is not clear as crystal and hard as rock—somebody like R. J. Thomas—would be nothing short of calamitous. Walter Reuther emerged from a conference with Murray last week with the suggestion that the CIO president appoint himself (Murray). Which is not a bad idea.

The opposition of Murray could be discounted if the majority of CIO leaders disagreed with him. However, when the votes were counted at the last CIO board meeting (after a bitter fight) his and Hillman's viewpoint still prevailed. He has also had strong support from progressive champions outside the labor movement. Of these Henry Wallace, still Secretary of Commerce in Truman's cabinet, has been the most outspoken and the most insistent, so much so that he has lately come in for some unkind words in the *Daily Worker*. Then there is Frank Kingdon, chairman of the National Citizens PAC, who told students of the school recently conducted in Washington by that body, "Don't go dreaming about a third party that can't be organized right now. In 20 states we couldn't organize at all. We may move toward a third party, but what we have to do now is organize independent voters."

There is also Honest Harold Ickes, "the old curmudgeon," who surely has no reason to love Truman, but who goes along with Kingdon in pointing out that the election laws of many states make it "almost impossible" to put a third party on the ballot. In short, it can further be said that the enthusiasm for independent party action is usually in inverse ratio to the speaker's experience with the practical headaches of American politics, not just in cities like New York, Detroit, Chicago and San Francisco, where most of the left-wingers are clustered, but in all counties of all 48 states of the Union. This election law problem, by the way, is something that our English Labor friends never had to wrestle with.

Reinhold Niebuhr, chairman of the Union for Democratic Action, makes another good point. Writing in the *New Republic,* he concludes: "Therefore, without a greater political unity in the labor movement, third parties are doomed to futility. It's up to labor." At the present writing labor in America seems totally incapable of working out the most elementary unity in the political field. We have seen how even within the CIO there is a serious split between CP's and anti-CP's. And smaller splits among the anti-CP's: SP's and Trotskyites and Social Democrats and Actists and just plain folks.

It is perfectly true that the British labor movement has all these factions and still enjoys a measure of political unity. But what the British labor movement most emphatically hasn't got is an AFL-versus-CIO fight that makes it impossible to overwhelm the CP and extremist elements by sheer weight of numbers. For there is one thing that we can count on with about the same confidence that we count on death and taxes. That is this: the 15 men who make up the AFL executive council are not going to touch with a fifty-foot pole any third party in which the CIO has so much as a finger.

It is also true that Dan Tobin, head of the powerful AFL teamsters (750,000) and chairman of the labor division of the Democratic Party since 1932, has lately dropped a few feeble hints that labor might go elsewhere. But consider too the fact that even Roosevelt could not get an endorsement from Tobin's fellow-councilmen! In spite of the further fact that about 80 per cent of AFL membership, and even more of its leadership, voted for him. Not since 1924 has the national AFL endorsed a presidential candidate—in that case La Follette, Sr., the Progressive. And now that John L. Lewis is back in town, it will be all that liberal forces can hope for if it refrains from giving its blessing to the Republicans.

Again and again the CIO has offered to work

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out an arrangement whereby in Washington at least, on those bills on which they agreed at least, AFL and CIO could put up a united front. William Green and his ancient friends have again and again turned a cold shoulder to these overtures, a shoulder upon which now rests, incidentally, a large measure of the blame for the triumph of reaction in the halls of Congress.

Let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that Dan Tobin could be pried loose from the Democratic Party and enlisted in the leadership of a third party. (Better hurry up about it too because Dan isn't getting any younger.) Then add slowly Dave Dubinsky (garment workers) and Max Zaritsky (hatters) as fellow-rebels in the AFL. Season with a smattering of CP's from AFL locals in the painters, hotel trades, movie unions, etc. Dump in the whole CIO, left and right wings, with all the meat on them. Throw in Wallace, Ickes, Kingdon, *PM* and the New York *Post*. Imagine, in short, that all deals have worked, all dreams come true, all possibilities reached fulfillment. What have you got? You've still got a battle royal on your hands, one that will doubtless last for years and years. In fact, you've got two battles royal: (1) a battle to keep the communists and fellow-travelers out of the leadership and (2) a battle to convince the American people that you have won the first battle.

We have seen how even the hoary old Democratic Party can be made to sweat over the charge of "red domination." They actually had to use THE COMMONWEAL to help wash off paint thrown by the GOP in '44. We don't have to see how small are the chances of American voters putting into power any party in which the question of allegiance to Moscow is even seriously in doubt.

There is of course a possibility that a party might be organized in which, right from the start, the CP's and all their outriders were firmly kept without the camp. Considering their strength in the CIO, however, considering too their skill at masquerade, it seems like a slimmish possibility at best.

But if laborites and liberals in this country are not to build their own political home, what other alternatives remain to them? Senator LaFollette of Wisconsin and Senator Morse of Oregon have said that the best hope is to be found in the Republican Party. These are both intelligent, progressive men, but if they honestly think that there is one chance in a thousand of the GOP going liberal, then it might be well for each of them to spend a good half-hour with a competent psychiatrist. How can anyone with half an eye in his head deny that the Republican Party, on the national plane at least, has been the private property of American big business since the first administration of General Grant?

When Teddy Roosevelt and Wendell Willkie challenged this ownership, they got the old heave-ho—but good. Stassen is now making an effort in that same direction—Stassen, whose recent speeches locate him well to the right of Truman —and Stassen is getting just about nowhere in a hurry. Listen to the ravings of Representative Reece, new chairman of the Republican National Committee. That should indicate where the GOP is going. If it doesn't, examine the voting record of its Congressmen. There is no better and no more discouraging test.

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There is the alternative of sticking with the Democrats. Of course AFL and CIO have always hotly denied that they were committed to any one party and have hotly maintained that they were interested only in supporting the best candidates, irrespective of party. Mostly this has been pious doubletalk. The fact is that 90 per cent of the time "the best candidate" was a Democrat. They have also denied that they had any interest in trying to control or dominate the Democratic Party. This also is doubletalk.

There is every reason in the world why labor, and allied groups among farmers and liberals, *should* try with all their might and main to "control or dominate the Democratic Party." In many cities and states they have either done just that or are within an ace of doing it. And where they have done so, they have certainly been a tremendous improvement on the phony bums, racketeers and opportunists (so many of them Catholics) who control Democratic machinery in a number of Northern cities. They have also been a blessing as compared with the primitive types who control Democratic machinery in so much of the South.

The last issue of the *Wage Earner* carries a "Labor Press" column by Ben Dor in which he states flatly that the choice is between "a party run by Southern reactionaries and one run by their Northern rivals." This is a basic inaccuracy on a basic question whose inclusion in a paper like the *Wage Earner* seems positively alarming, even though subsequent information from Detroit indicates that the paper did not mean to endorse Dor's views.

The Democratic Party run by Southern reactionaries? Truman may be inept; he may have blown his top on Black Saturday; he may listen too much to business types like John Snyder and George Allen; he may be a poor judge of men (Pauley); he may be totally lacking in political zing. And Hannegan may be a politician from Missouri, which fought with the South in the Civil War. And 18 democratic (mostly Southern) Senators may have voted with the Republicans (all but one of them) to remove price controls from milk and dairy products.

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But let's not blow our own tops, shall we? Let's try to keep the old brain working in spite of the heat and the humidity, and the hysteria that seems to have gripped so many in the labor movement. Let's remember that Truman has pushed—not hard enough maybe, but still he has pushed, and probably pushed to the best of his limited ability—progressive bills on full employment, unemployment compensation, minimum wages, health, housing, etc. Let's remember that he vetoed the Case Bill and the OPA murder. Let's remember that he appointed fact-finding boards that found for labor in the oil strike, the (GM) strike, the steel strike, the packing strike, the shipbuilding dispute. In the railroad fracas, which looms so large, his award was accepted by 18 out of 20 railroad unions. His appointees gave generous contracts to the miners and the seamen. And let's remember too that it was Hannegan—Hannegan from Missouri—who was in there encouraging Truman, pushing Truman, to take many of these progressive stands.

Let's remember finally that 27 Democratic Senators voted against removing price control on milk and dairy products. And about the same number of Senators, and about 110 Democratic Representatives, have fought for labor's program right down the line, which is about 26 more Senators and 105 more Representatives than ever got into Congress on an independent ticket.

It might also be useful to think back to the Chicago convention. It is true that Wallace was defeated for renomination as Vice-President, after leading on the first ballot with 429½ votes out of a necessary 589. But why was he defeated? He was certainly not defeated by the Southern reactionaries. He was defeated by Catholic bosses of the North who were afraid, and with some reason, that Wallace would alienate many Catholic votes by his silly remarks on Russia. Remarks like: "America has political democracy and Russia has economic democracy." Than which nothing could be sillier. In other words, it was not a straight liberal-versus-reactionary test.

And how was Truman elected? He was elected because he was, in well-established fact, "cleared with Sidney," and therefore approved by Roosevelt. He was not only cleared with Hillman, but he was actually picked by Hillman as the next most acceptable candidate after Wallace. (See story in New York *Post* for July 11 *á propos* of Hillman's death.) If the CIO and liberal elements now find fault with Truman, they have only their own champions, Hillman and Roosevelt, to blame. For Truman was preeminently their baby.

The existence of a powerful labor movement in this country is something whose age can be counted on the fingers of one hand plus maybe one or two fingers of the other hand. It is still a mere child. Even as a child it has made tremendous strides toward becoming the dominant force in the major political party in America. And now, in a typically childish pet, it wants to throw away all this; it wants to run away from home and make its own fortune. Well, there have been children who ran away from home and did manage to make good. But the path of wisdom would still seem to be to stick around a while. Maybe the old man will have a change of heart. Maybe, if we try real hard, we can win some more Democratic primaries. Maybe we can get a few more delegates to the '48 convention.

If by 1952 the situation is still hopeless, or even if it is no more hopeful than it is right now, then perhaps American labor will by that time have grown big enough, smart enough and old enough to go out into the cold, cruel world and carve out its destiny with its own bare hands. Before 1952 the odds are all against it.

The Reluctant Hangman

Hugh Dickinson

EARLY in the Eighties, when my great-uncle Patrick Garritty was sheriff of a backwoods county in Northern Pennsylvania, an aging widow bashed in the heads of her paramour and her hired girl. She was hanged for the crime. But the odd thing about her execution—aside from being the first in the history of the county, and the last—was that it caused the death of my great-uncle who acted, most reluctantly, as her hangman. It was a case of conscience, something queer and puzzling to his contemporaries in the rough lumbering camps of the day.

I heard my elders retell the story often in my childhood, and liked best to hear it from my great-aunts, formidable fates who sat in judgment on all the events of their time. Their account was always the fullest. For they were marvelous reporters. They repeated verbatim the private conversations of others. They knew what had been said of the case in barber shops and taprooms where they would not dream of setting foot. They seemed, indeed, to know the very secrets of the confessional. In my presence they spoke elliptically of the relationships involved in the double

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murder, and they hurried over the sordid details on quick intakes of breath, the tissue paper in their basques rustling with their effort. But this only made it more interesting for me.

Uncle Pat fared ill at the hands of this Greek chorus. All my great-aunts deplored his pathetic end as a needless thing. To them it sprang from a weakness no man should be troubled with. And they referred to him always as "poor Uncle Pat" in a way that implied he was next door to daft.

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He had been elected to the office of sheriff in 1881, three years before the murder and just after the new court house and jail had been built in Rockywood, the county seat. Pat was a big, silver-haired lumberjack—innately pious, capable and strong enough not to have to take any man's guff, but actually mild-mannered and peace-loving.

Stag County was a remarkably peaceful neck of the woods, all things considered, and Pat had little to do but post notices, hold sheriff's sales, haul in drunks and bust up an occasional Saturday night brawl between the lumbermen and the tanners. His wife, Amy, managed the jail for him. During his campaign she had proudly pictured herself occuping in dignity and leisure their special quarters in the new "bastille." But Pat meant to save enough money in office to retire, since the law of the commonwealth made a second term impossible. So Amy had to cook and wash for a stream of raffish, roaring county boarders. Hers was by far the harder job, and she told him so—often. But Pat, despite his wife's complaints, was well pleased with his prospects for the next four years and with the thought of retirement.

Then came the damnable affair of the Widow Jelm. She had a farm in Rockywood Township and enough money left her by her late husband to hire a country girl, Annie Summers, to do the work of the place while she drank and dallied with a shiftless rustic named Nat Wallengreen.

Until he met Sarah Jelm, Nat had barely got along by fishing, hunting and sometimes hiring out for farm work. When he found her so accommodating, he gave up his other pursuits, moved to her farm and devoted himself to the making of moonshine. But he couldn't keep his hands to himself, and one day the Widow Jelm spied him making up to Annie by the barn, where the girl went to get firewood. Sarah was a violent woman, fierce, possessive and jealous. Keeping her discovery to herself, she went back to the kitchen, brewed some tea, and made her plans. They proved to be extremely primitive.

That night she waited until Nat went to bed, then knocked out his brains with a hatchet she had hidden under her pillow. She left his body where it lay, took the hatchet to the kitchen to wash it, and sat up all night drinking tea until Annie Summers came to work the next morning. She said nothing to Annie about the scene in the barn. Apparently it did not even occur to her to try to find out whether the girl had encouraged or fought off Nat's advances. Willing or unwilling, Annie had become her rival: she had betrayed her by stealing Nat's easy affections. So she had to die.

Sarah sipped and watched until Annie's back was turned, then finished her off with the hatchet that had bludgeoned Nat. After that, she got very drunk on Nat's moonshine and sat at the table, with the jug at her elbow, weeping and cursing Annie's body, which sprawled where it had fallen. This went on until Annie's father came to the Jelm farm about midnight to look for her. He discovered the widow in the kitchen, out cold in a chair beside his dead daughter. Then he found Nat's body.

That was the situation when Sheriff Garritty, thunderstruck, entered the farmhouse. When he questioned her, Sarah Jelm made no effort to hide her enormities; she simply would not talk about them. There was nothing for it but to arrest her for the murders and lead her off to jail. Not until she went on trial for her life did she say a word about the crime.

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With the atrocities at the Jelm farm, a change came over Uncle Pat. When he realized the part which, by law, he would have to play in the proceedings, his mild, peace-loving nature suffered actual shock. He ceased to be jovial and easygoing: he withdrew into himself: he became almost as silent as his notorious prisoner. He detested any mention of the murders, forbade his wife to discuss them, and, of course, met with talk of nothing else wherever he went in the county. With their sure instinct for the lurid, people began to look at him oddly. He was no longer plain Sheriff Garritty—he was the man who would hang Widow Jelm. There could be no doubt of her guilt, and Pat lived both night and day with the problem it posed.

Good gracious, said my great-aunts, the talk there was! The male gossips in Rockywood gathered daily at Harry Simon's barber shop to discuss the latest news of the case. Here was a crime of passion, with blood enough to paint a house! It threw them into a tizzy. Every man became a Pinkerton, a lawyer, a judge. Customers had to push through gesticulating groups to reach the chairs, and the barbers had scarcely room to work. As the trial drew near, the spitting and arguing increased. Harry Simons said that never had the brass spittoons been so full of butts at the day's end, nor the boys so careless of their aim.

Strained and nervous from secret worry, Sheriff Garritty found that his hands had begun to tremble and that he could no longer safely shave him-

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self. He became a daily visitor at Simon's place where, at his entrance, an eager hush fell. Then would come a sprinkle of questions, as the men tried to pick out of him news of Sarah Jelm. At first Garritty said little, but the questions would go on. To pay him for his silence, the men would turn to discussing the unpleasant job awaiting Pat. At the start they were prying but respectful. When this got them nowhere, they began to goad him into speaking.

"I sure don't envy Pat the job he'll have to do." . . . "I'll say! Are you keeping your nerve, Pat?" . . . Sarah Jelm's a tough old witch. You'll need a strong rope to make that old Jezebel swing." . . . "How's she taking it? Does she like the idea? . . . "Say, have you started to build the gallows yet, Sheriff? Who's got the contract for the work?" (This was good for a hearty laugh.) "Kind of different from posting notices and jailing drunks, ain't it, Garritty? Whoever said bein' sheriff of this county was a cinch?" (Another laugh, with a mean edge to it, for this was hitting Pat where it hurt.) "Why not let his wife do it? She does most of the work around the jail, anyway."

Harry Simons would say mildly: "Now, boys, you'll have to go easy on Pat Garritty. He's got bigger problems than the rest of us nowadays."

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One day the sheriff had endured as much as he could. With a curse, he flung himself out of the barber chair and left, one jowl still white with lather. Thereafter, Pat's wife shaved him. It was one more labor added to her daily woes. Word of it got around, and the men had another laugh at Pat's expense.

His torment drove Uncle Pat to confession late one Saturday night, a few days before the trial began. Father Austin, the gruff old parish priest who knew the voice of every penitent behind the grill and the handkerchief, recognized him when he began to recite the Confiteor and interrupted him.

"Pat, are there many more out there? I'm fair jumpy for a smoke."

"I'm the last, Father."

The priest heard his confession, then heaved himself out of his stall. At the church door he lighted a cigar, hitched up his cassock and jammed his hands into his rear pockets. Uncle Pat, coughing diffidently, joined him there after saying his penance.

"Father, there . . . there was something I was wanting to ask you."

Father Austin rolled his cigar to the other side of his mouth and shot a glance at him.

"What is it?"

"About this Jelm woman . . ."

"God save us! A filthy business. You'll have your troubles with that one."

"It's sure to be murder in the first degree," said Pat, sweating in the cool night. "And if she hangs for it, I'll be the one to hang her."

"Eh. A bad, bad business."

"Tell me, Father . . . I know it's the law, and all. But will I be doin' the right thing?"

"And why wouldn't you be? Seeing, as you say, it's the law. . . ."

"I don't know," said Pat, shaking his head. "I'll have it on my conscience," he added doggedly. "I will that."

"You'll have no such thing," said the priest brusquely. "You're sworn to uphold the law, ain't ye?"

"Yes, Father."

"Where's your courage, then? It's a bad business, I know. But if the law finds her guilty after a fair trial, and says she must die . . . that's that. Get home now," he urged, trying to soften his manner. "Take a drink and forget it."

"Yes, Father. Thank you."

"Take one for me, too."

Uncle Pat did as he was told, but the dilemma still hung in his mind, refusing to be banished. Through the wakeful nights he put the question to himself endlessly: did he . . . did anyone . . . have the right to take a human life?

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In his distress he tried at last to share his problem with Amy, hoping that she might understand. If Amy upheld him, he might have the courage, not to do it, but to refuse to do it.

"You're daft!" she flung at him, when he had unburdened himself. "Plain daft! And scrupulous, that's what you are. Honest people have a right to the protection of the law from such as her. An eye for an eye, I say. Sarah Jelm should be hung twice over to settle the score . . . even if Nat Wallengreen was no good, a fornicator and a drunkard."

Amy rattled the pans and whipped about the kitchen venting the scorn and righteousness pent up until now because Pat had forbidden her to speak of the case.

"Tell me now! Am I married to a man or a scrupulous ninny? Tell me that, Patrick Garritty. Have you no guts in ye?"

She fixed him with a malicious glare.

"D'ye want *me* to spring the trap that'll hang Sarah Jelm? If so, I'll do it . . . and take joy in the doing. I might as well; I do all the work around here, as it is." She shook a wet, work-reddened finger at him. "If you don't hang that woman, there'll be no words for what I think of you, Sheriff Garritty. And I'll not relish being the wife of a coward and the laughing-stock of the county. That I'll not!

"Now," she finished darkly, "you may act accordingly."

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The trial began, and during the two short days it lasted, my great-uncle searched desperately for a way out. Father Austin had said: "If she gets a fair trial . . ." Well, Pat meant to see that she did.

He concentrated feverishly on the conduct of the case. He scrutinized the drawing of a jury more closely than Sarah's lawyer. When he was called to testify, his statements were scrupulously exact. When old Summers took the stand, Pat cross-examined him in his mind more carefully than the defense attorney. He passed private judgment on each character witness and clung hopefully to every objection the defense could raise.

It was useless. For, when Sarah Jelm took the stand against her attorney's wishes, she confessed everything. She seemed weary; neither proud nor fearful, merely indifferent. She had her fair trial, and the jury went through the motions of deliberating on the evidence. Two hours later the jurors returned with a verdict of guilty in the first degree. The judge set the date of execution two months hence.

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My great-aunts contended that the verdict affected Sarah less than it did Pat. He treated the condemned woman kindly, and his manner was so tentative and circumspect that Sarah guessed he wished to ask her something. He did so one day, when the jail had been emptied of its other inmates.

She knew, didn't she, that he would have to act as her hangman? Yes, she knew; what the hell difference did it make . . . to him or to her? Well, did *she* think he'd be doing the right thing? Did she think that he . . . or anyone else . . . had a right to take a human life?

"My God! Are *you* asking *me?*"

Sarah dropped back on her cot and stared at him.

Then she roared with laughter. She choked and coughed, while Pat winced but waited with dogged patience for her answer. She sat up suddenly, then, all laughter gone from her raddled face.

"You big fool, you! You big, Irish fool! What're you trying to do? make fun of me?" she demanded. But she knew he wasn't. "God! You're plumb crazy. I'm the one to worry about the rights and wrongs of this, if anybody is. Forget it."

"But . . ."

"Forget it, I said!" She grew fierce: the grotesque comedy tired her. "Just forget it. The best thing you can do for me is to get me a big drink of 'shine."

Although it was against the law, Pat went and got it for her.

A few days before the hanging, a carpenter began to build a scaffold in the courtyard, and people strolled there in the evenings to note his progress. When it was done, the sheriff, shuddering plainly, tested the trap again and again. He felt as if one more sin blackened his soul each time he sprang the trap. But it had to work, not only because they were all watching him—sniggering, saying he was a drone and a coward—but also because, for Sarah Jelm's sake, it must be done quickly; she must not suffer when she died by his hand.

Early on the morning of the execution, Mrs. Garritty changed to her best clothes and elbowed her way through the buzzing crowd to a place beside the platform. The barber shop lawyers were there. Indeed, said my great-aunts, who viewed the hanging from a discreet distance, so jammed was the court house square, you wondered who had stayed behind to do the work of the world. Farmers had come from the farthest backwoods of the county, and beyond, to see the hanging of Sarah Jelm. The politicians had obtained seats of vantage for their families and friends in the windows of the court house that faced the gallows. The crowd spread out to the streets that gave upon the square. People straddled gables and boys climbed trees to see the novel sight. Even Father Austin stood in the crowd, fingering his blackthorn and thinking his own thoughts.

Whatever the onlookers hoped to see, Sarah Jelm cheated them of all but the sight of her body dangling at the end of a slippery noose. She stood erect and silent. When Uncle Pat fumbled the blindfold she was to wear, she took it roughly from his trembling hands and herself secured it over her eyes.

Amy, never taking her eyes off Pat throughout the ritual, feared and wondered and waited. But at last he did it: he thrust out one still shaking hand and sprang the trap.

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It was over. The coroner declared Sarah Jelm officially dead and motioned to the undertaker. The silent crowd stirred and shifted. Mrs. Garritty ran up the steps of the scaffold and led her husband from the platform. Pulling him by the hand, she fought her way through the throng. No sooner had she got him safely inside the jail than he fainted.

She put him to bed, and he never got up again. He lay there, refusing food and wasting away before her very eyes. He became old and shrunken, a feeble creature who could not sleep and would not say a word, except to cry out in his nightmares.

Just before the end, he sent for Father Austin. He made his last confession, and in it he accused himself of having taken a human life against the dictates of his conscience, out of fear and human respect. Then he died.

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The Taylor and-or Catholic Question

JOHN P. SISK

ONCE I KNEW a very short man who married a very tall woman. How this came about I do not know, except that love was concerned with it somewhere. At any rate, they lived happily enough for some time and in one another's eyes, I suppose, enough was taken from her and added to him so that neither was aware of any great disparity. But walking about in public they were such an incongruous couple that eventually even he was painfully conscious of the fact. Then he became unhappy. He brooded much.

I have become a nonentity, he said to me one day. No, he corrected himself, I am worse than a nonentity.

How is that? I asked. What is worse than a nonentity?

Not even to be thought of as a nonentity, he explained. Now when people look at me or think of me they do not think how short I am: they think how tall my wife is.

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I thought of this short unhappy man the other day when I was reading a newspaper story about the celebrated case of Mr. Myron C. Taylor. I thought to myself: Is modern Protestantism getting into the same fix as my friend the short man? Will it come to pass that fifty years from now a son will ask his father: Papa, what is Protestantism? and the father will answer: Protestantism is what does not like Catholicism—and have to let it go at that? Or, even worse, will the father have to tell his son: Protestantism is Mr. Myron C. Taylor in a state of not being liked?

If such a time should ever come there will have passed from the scene one of the most colorful and vigorous ingredients of western civilization. But surely Protestantism deserves a better fate than that.

Now I cannot profess to know all the fine points in the case of Mr. Myron C. Taylor. Like all things that have an international relation, it is probably very complex. But for the moment I am not interested in these fine points at all. It is rather the way I see the same thing continually repeated in the papers that is, I think, important. And what I have been seeing there is very disheartening.

In a great national newsmagazine I read that in the South a religious group has a big convention and they resolve, unanimously, that Mr. Taylor should be recalled from the Vatican. Very shortly thereafter the same religious group has a big convention in the North and they resolve in like manner. This is all the newsmagazine has to say about the big conventions.

I say to myself: this is not good. Surely, I say, at a national convention of a great religion there are more important things to report to the public than this resolution that has no religious significance at all—for Protestants or Catholics, so long as they are acting just as religions. Of course, in their conventions they are perfectly free to resolve, unanimously or otherwise, about Mr. Taylor or anyone else they choose. But something else should have been highlighted—if only the internal squabbling that the convention president in the North was reported to have asked the delegates to abandon in favor of the case of Mr. Taylor.

They should have made the headlines resolving that they should be more liberal or more conservative in matters of doctrine; or that there is too much liquor being consumed; or that people ought to stay married a little longer; or that people ought to go to church more often or less often, as the case may be; or that there is too much cursing or swearing going on.

And this disheartening picture has been reiterated and elaborated upon in subsequent newspaper stories. Always it is the recall of poor Mr. Taylor they are talking about—and on the front page at that, where strikes and atomic energy and the amorous adventures of the movie stars belong.

Now anyone who stops to think knows that there are more things than the recall of Mr. Taylor to American Protestantism. Anyone knows that the particular religion at its great conventions in the North and South must have talked about other things than Mr. Taylor. But, unhappily, many of us do not stop to think. A lot of us only believe what we see in the papers —and we don't become downright interested then until we get back into the used-car section and Lil Abner. And during the last few weeks this large number has had built up in their minds a very one-sided and prejudicial picture of Protestantism. They are beginning to think of it as the Thing-That-Does-Not-Like-Mr. Taylor-And-Catholicism—just as people thought of how tall his wife was when they saw how short my poor friend was. Some of them are not even distinguishing between Mr. Taylor personally and his diplomatic assignment. A slip like this would outrage Saint Thomas Aquinas.

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As I said before, this is not good. If it represents the true state of affairs in Protestantism it is very bad indeed. If it only represents an idea in the mind of the reading public it is still

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bad. In the spirit of true Christian charity I can only say that I hope they have just gotten a bad break in their publicity.

At any rate, I can remember better days.

I can remember those news stories of the great national religious conventions years ago. Then they featured lusty fusillades against John Barleycorn, modern dancing, and the use of tobacco by women. The stories told us how one faction said: We should be more liberal and up to date, and how the other faction said: We should on the contrary be more conservative and old-fashioned. They recounted how one side said: We should allow more divorces, while another side said: Well maybe . . . sometimes, while a third side said: By no means. Then the stories would go on to say how they got to bickering among themselves on fine points of doctrine.

Now this was the way it should have been. This was what one expected they would talk about at a religious convention: morals, mores, and doctrine. One expected even that they would not all agree either and that there would be a healthy amount of bickering. And reading about these gatherings the public got the impression that the religions had a good vigorous hold on life as it was being lived and were attempting to do something good about it, as they conceived the good.

And I can remember reading about even better times than these. I can remember the early part of the sixteenth century, when Protestantism was just in swaddling clothes, but marvelously forceful for all of that. In fact, it is when I compare that heroic age with the age of Mr. Taylor that I am most disheartened.

For instance, I remember Martin Luther on a dark night spiking his ninety-five theses to the door of the castle church in Wittenberg. Probably he only pinned them up, as calmly as a professor pins up a reading list on a bulletin board. But I like to think of him spiking them in with a hammer so that, as someone has said, the echoes reverberated throughout Europe and made the Pope start in his sleep. This was no mean undertaking. This was something. Here, whether you think he was right or wrong, was one man shaking his fist at all of organized Christendom, pounding away like Arius at a pillar that might give way and drop the whole edifice on top of him.

I remember Calvin—just a French layman, not even a priest—sitting down and writing a letter to Francis I, high and mighty king of all the Frenchmen including Calvin, and telling him what was what. When Calvin got through in Geneva they knew someone had been there. Who can forget him standing in his own church and suddenly seeing Servetus right there in front of him as though, as Huxley said of Wilberforce, the Lord had delivered him into his hands? Calvin wrote the "Institutes." He ruled a theocracy. He started his own Inquisition and, in efficiency, it was second to none. He wrote four thousand two hundred and seventy-one letters and made Horace Walpole look like an amateur before the latter was ever born. He left a mark or welt on his time that was extremely palpable.

Then there were men like the wise old Melanchthon who all by himself drew up the Augsburg Confession; like Savonarola, the dark scourge, who made all Florence repent itself of its gew-gaws and baubles and who literally shook his finger under the nose of Alexander VI; like Zwingli who got all of Zurich under his thumb, who dared to disagree with Luther, and who later, fighting foremost, fell in battle, as a man should. And before very many years there was the mighty Milton, ever ready at the door, or anywhere at all, to smite with the two-handed engine.

These were men. These were the Titans. When they stood up and flexed their muscles their shadows went a long ways and made a lot of shade. For better or worse they moved the world. What stew was brewing for humanity then they helped stir. They believed things. However one may feel about them, he must admit they were more than merely what the old Church was not. They were on fire with their convictions. They started rearranging the furniture of Europe accordingly. When they put pen to paper armies sprang up to hew and hack with gusto. When they stood up to speak it was with the voice of Boanerges. And what they said and did was concerned with the great fundamental questions of religion. Under their leadership Protestantism went around in seven-league boots and made things extremely uncomfortable for the poor, weary Catholics.

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But now it has come to this: to Taylor. Always it is Taylor. Thirty million people, so a newspaper story implies, united in a conviction that Taylor must go. Religious delegates meet nationally in solemn conclave and the big issue (to judge from the reports which, as I say, may simply have highlighted the wrong thing) is again Taylor. Many representatives call on the President who, the Lord knows, is worried about the strikes and the OPA and how rusty he is getting at the piano. They want to see him about Taylor.

I imagine Calvin turning to Luther in the afterlife and saying: Martin, what did we get so hot and bothered about, anyway?

Perhaps what my friend the psychology professor says is right. Eventually, he thinks, American Protestantism may completely transfer its traditional feelings about the Roman Catholic Church to the person of Mr. Myron C. Taylor—and forget all about Catholicism.

This will be a great day for the Catholics.

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Communications

MORE ABOUT MR. TAYLOR; EDUCATION

Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

TO the Editors: If you sometimes open your pages to the opinions of your readers (since manifestly yours is one of the more democratic magazines) may I enter two objections to some recent editorials?

(1) You say that since America sends ambassadors to England and in the past has sent ambassadors to Japan, where the monarchs are or have been also titular heads of the respective established national religions, therefore there should be no objection to our President's appointing an ambassador to the Vatican since the Pope is temporal ruler of the Vatican City as well as spiritual head of the Roman Catholic Church.

Is that a valid argument? We have sent ambassadors to the governmnts of England and of Japan as the *secular* rulers of those nations and have not recognized in any way the pretensions of these rulers as heads of their state religions. In fact, in Japan we deposed the Emperor as a "divine" leader of his people and now we deal with him strictly as the limited and titular head of a parliamentary government. And certainly the great majority of Americans (even Episcopalians) do not recognize the English monarchs as heads of a religious establishment.

Besides, the Pope is spiritual head not of a national religion, but of a religion spread throughout the world. The 180 acres in the Vatican does not make him a *national* ruler.

Reasons of political expediency can be the only plausible ones for the sending of Mr. Myron Taylor to the Vatican, and I strongly doubt the validity of those reasons, or the usefulness of the practice either to America or to the Pope.

Why arouse the opposition of non-Catholics at this time of vehement religious and political partisanship?

(2) You seem to agree with four Senators who argue that federal aid proposed for public schools should be extended to private and parochial schools.

The Senators argue that since some states and the federal government have appropriated funds to aid the ex-GI's who take courses in private secular and in Catholic schools and colleges, the propriety of *general* federal support for such non-public schools is thereby recognized. Is not that stretching analogy pretty far and thin? Those courses taken by the ex-GI's are strictly secular and are aids to their vocational rehabilitation.

There is no such defense for taking taxpayers' money for the widespread support of private and denominational schools, which represent by their existence a dissatisfaction with the public schools, which are strictly non-sectarian and democratic in their organization, their courses of study and the personnel of their teaching and student body.

Besides, such federal support for non-public schools might well lead to some form of regulation by the state governments or the federal government, which opponents of this federal aid to education have in the past professed to fear.

It is certainly more constitutional to keep the support of churches and the support of state and its institutions separate and distinct. Also, such adherence to our Constitution will be safer for the continuance of the exclusive private and/or denominational control now enjoyed by such non-public schools. Is not that what we wish to retain?

A. CORT.

AMNESTY FOR CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS

Sandstone Federal Prison.

TO the Editors: The undersigned are among the 3,000 political prisoners confined by the federal government because of their conscientious opposition to war and conscription. Such imprisonment violates American ideals and traditions of freedom of conscience, and we believe it was tolerated by the public only as a matter of wartime expediency.

Now, however, that extenuation no longer exists, American authorities have released conscientious objectors in Germany and Japan, but in America they are still being held in prison, some with sentences of as much as five years.

The only way in which this situation can be rectified is for the President to grant amnesty to all selective service prisoners. Release on parole is no solution to the problem. Parole is but a milder form of imprisonment; it continues control and supervision by the Department of Justice and maintains the fiction of criminality. It fails to recognize or rectify the basic injustice of the situation and is therefore completely unacceptable to us.

We believe that the American public would not tolerate this situation if the facts were known. Consequently, on the morning of May 11, 1946, we shall begin fasting in order to force a recognition of the injustice of the continued imprisonment of men under the selective service act, and in the hope of accomplishing their unconditional release.—CHARLES WORLEY, RICHARD ZUMWINKLE, MALCOLM PARKER, IGAL RODENKO, JOHN HAMPTON.

These men's hunger strike continues as of the present date, with forced feeding by the prison authorities.

THE EDITORS.

AMERICAN SOCIAL PROSPECT

St. Louis, Mo.

TO the Editors: "But I can't escape the feeling in my bones that the key to the situation is still missing" is the candid concluding sentence of your article, "American Social Prospect." (July 5.) Leaving out all arguments, theories, philosophy, the "key to the situation" is in the progessively expanding unexplored, virgin frontier of leisure; however, the "key" is of no avail unless we know the "combination" of creative recreation. Providence offered us the "key," it is up to us to find the "combination." Here is a challenge to the pioneering spirit of America. There are an infinite number of combinations, graduating from the simplest to the complex. Here is my suggestion of the simplest "combination." Modern systems of transportation and communication enable us to own communal country estates, where we can pioneer creative recreation.

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The term "combination" is symbolic also of combining city and country; religion and education; security and freedom; discipline and liberty; cooperation and competition; spiritual and physical; and, last but not least, production for use and production for profit or wages. Looking at the "American Social Prospect" through the "keyhole" of communal country estates, the "Prospect" is bright indeed.

PHILIP WEISS.

The Screen

Cowboy's Best Friend

HORSE OPERAS are coming into their own again—and for obvious reasons. Film makers, seeking material far from the cry of war, can find none better than in "Westerns" which usually concentrate on fast action and escapist themes. Furthermore, a couple of recent items in this field go so far as to make the horse the main figure in the story. *"My Pal Trigger"* celebrates Roy Rogers's Palomino, labeled "The Smartest Horse in the Movies." Trigger is smart and is certainly beautiful; just watching him in action in this picture provides much pleasure. Of course people, with their inhuman villainy, figure in the plot too. Roy finds himself accused of shooting a prize-winning stallion, owned by George "Gabby" Hayes and really killed by a sneering cheat (Jack Holt). But this infamy did not occur till after Roy's mare and the stallion had a little romance up in the hills. So later when Trigger is born, Roy raises the colt and trains it to become the stunning horse we now see in the movies. Roy hopes to right himself with "Gabby." However, human beings are the meanest people, and *more things* happen! But Trigger conducts himself like a handsome gent throughout the whole business which is further decorated by some gorgeous scenery and the good singing of Rogers, Dale Evans and Bob Nolan with the Sons of the Pioneers.

"Smoky," being based on Will James's popular story about a horse, really concentrates on its hero and succeeds in keeping the eccentricities of people in second place. Fred MacMurray as Smoky's special friend, Anne Baxter as the ranch owner with a yen for Fred, and Bruce Cabot as Fred's mean brother with no heart of gold, are good actors and were not afraid to let a horse star. The sequences showing the capture, taming and training of this wild bronc are as thrilling as movies have to offer—whether you're a horse-lover or not. Director Louis King deserves credit for maintaining a proper balance and attitude toward man and beast, but even he goes sentimental in the last ten minutes of the film and smothers the picture in a thick dose of "Black Beauty." The scenery in technicolor is magnificent. I just received from a friend of mine who lives on a large ranch in Colorado, a letter reporting that "Smoky" is playing in a nearby town to the biggest crowds ever seen there. "Sort of a busman's holiday, I guess. Naturally we take an amused attitude to such a picture, for life hardly looks like that in most of these places. I did enjoy the color though, and the singing of the fat cowboy." This "fat cowboy," referred to so blithely by my friend, is none other than Burl Ives, one of our foremost ballad singers. This is his first film and he's excellent in it. You'd have to be impervious to rhythm not to come away singing "Blue Tail Fly" or "Foggy, Foggy Dew" after hearing Burl do these old ballads.

Since I have not reviewed "Westerns" for some time, I must say a few words about the current crop—although some of these films have already reached the second-run houses. The latest version of *"The Virginian"* confirms my opinion that Owen Wister's story is not all it's cracked up to be. Except for its big scenes—the soft-spoken hero (Joel McCrea) saying to the villian (Brian Donlevy) "When you call me that, smile," and later this gentle-but-firm hero hanging his best friend (Sonny Tufts) for cattle rustling, and finally this same hero shooting it out with the villain on the deserted street—except for these suspenseful moments, "The Virginian" is rather dull. Perhaps the word "classic" has put a pall on this story. This word, however, does not detract from the film's fine Wyoming scenery—nor does the garish technicolor.

"Badman's Territory" has so many famous outlaws (the James Boys, the Daltons, Sam Bass, etc.) gathered into its plot and so much action that one almost expects a hodge-podge. Director Tim Whelan manages to make the whole thing seem plausible. The love story, carried on by our two-fisted hero (Randolph Scott) and a crusading newspaper woman (lovely Ann Richards) also makes sense. Which shows a "Western" can be fast-shooting and rough riding, and still have a modicum of intelligence.

"Renegades" makes this point even more clear; for the characters in this open-air thriller have depth. You don't approve of the heroine (Evelyn Keyes) for deserting her doctor-fiancé (Williard Parker) at the altar to marry the youngest member (Larry Parks) of the tough Dembrow gang; but you appreciate her position when she finds herself riding with the Dembrows—or else! The doctor, who is fast on the draw with pill or pistol, finally comes to this unwise woman's rescue, and a lot of people get hurt. Among the film's unusual portrayals is that of Edgar Buchanan as the Bible totin' bandit who puts his own interpretation on the Good Book and what it means. Technicolor and breath-taking scenery again enliven man's wicked machinations.

As *"The Outlaw"* has already opened in several of the large cities—in spite of much opposition—perhaps something should be said about this curious "Western." It is difficult to take Howard Hughes's production seriously, since Hughes, who produced, directed and pretty much bossed the whole affair, must have known what he was doing in including several scenes that are like illustrated dirty jokes. It must have come as no surprise to him to discover, when the picture was finished several years ago, that the Hays Office refused to pass it. And the advertising campaign being used now to flaunt the picture is fully aware of what it is trying to sell. As a "Western" the film is almost a parody on its genre—complete with sheriff (Thomas Mitchell), an old, established outlaw

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(Walter Huston), a very young Billy the Kid (played with an odd combination of the naïve and blasé by Jack Buetel) a sultry wench (provocative Jane Russell) who passes from one outlaw to the other and a lot of shooting, posses, Indians. Some of the action is very slow and talky, some of it rather silly as if trying to make fun of other "Western" stories. The musical score punctuates the action as if to accentuate the note of burlesque. The sexy scenes are done crudely and without imagination, like small boys snickering over what they don't quite understand. I suppose, however, that when you pass a fence on which youngsters have written dirty words, there is no law that says you have to look at their handiwork.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Week

Virgil. F. J. H. Letters. Sheed. $2.00.

IT IS INTERESTING to hear a voice from Australia discussing Virgil. Professor Letters writes, he says, to present Virgil as one of the great voices of humanity to a reading public which knows no Latin. His interpretation of Virgil might be described as the antithesis of that set forward by Tenny Frank's admirable biography (1922). The early works of the "Appendix Virgiliana" upon which Professor Frank developed his fascinating reconstruction of Virgil's early life and formative growth as a poet, are rejected in toto by Mr. Letters, either as not by Virgil or as of no significance. In this book Virgil's life and art begin again with the "Eclogues." Virgil as a member of a literary movement among the young Roman aristocrats and as the student of art and ideas in the still half Greek society at Naples, before beginning his national poem, is replaced in Mr. Letters' interpretation by a concentration on the Virgil whose great work was to perfect the Roman national epic and whose debt to the early Latin epic poets Naevius and Ennius is the most important element in his development. The influence of Theocritus and Alexandrian poetry was superficial, he believes, compared to the theme of the grandeur of Rome first introduced by Naevius. Five even more important ingredients of the "Aeneid" were already active in Ennius's "Annales," "the Italian spirit of the man, his Greek culture, his vigorous Roman patriotism, his Pythagorean philosophy, and his solid learning." It was Ennius, in Mr. Letters' view, that gave Latin its sonorousness, created for Latin poetry both the use of the dream as a literary device and the Pythagorean notion of the transmigration of souls which underlies the sixth book of the "Aeneid." It was Virgil's originality to erect upon this old Latin epic tradition a new poetry, and a new Latin, for Latin in Virgil's day, he insists, was still a rough, semi-barbaric language unsuited to the refinements of great art.

> These fragents [of Naevius], together with those of the more polished Ennius, the only other really important pre-Augustan epic poet, show that the author of the "Aeneid" had to improve his native tongue in smoothness, subtlety, and every musical quality but resonance before it could respond to the demands of the final Roman epos. He is not, like Shakespeare, the inheritor, but the maker of an adequate poetic diction. Naevius and Ennius already had as subjects and models the maturest conceptions and the most finished works of literary art the Hellenic mind had produced. But their own tongue adapted to the plain way of thinking characteristic of a race that had done little but fighting and farming, had attained the level neither of philosophic nor of elaborately poetic expression. It was Cicero in philosophy, and Virgil in poetry, who were largely to remake their native language, the first by devising a new philosophic idiom but no new philosophic thought, the second (inasmuch as poetic style and poetic thought are practically indistinguishable) by creating a new poetry, not merely an exquisite instrument of poetic expression.

It is an interesting point of view but by concentrating too much on Latin epic poetry alone, I believe he overdraws his picture of the crudity of Latin in the first century.

His other chief new point is that Virgil's poetry has depths even yet unsounded, and Virgilian criticism has still great questions to solve. This point is based in large part on his treatment of the sixth book of the "Aeneid," containing Aeneas's descent into the underworld, as the keystone of the poem and the summit of Virgil's imaginative grandeur. This is not the place to recapitulate his argument. Sufficient to say that it is not Virgil the literary poet, but Virgil the poetic seer whose brooding vision reemerges as the central point of his greatness—at once like, yet quite unlike, the medieval notion of the poet.

E. P. RICHARDSON.

Restless India. Lawrence K. Rosinger. Holt. $2.00.
The Mahatma and the World. K. Shridharani. Duell. $3.50.
Poems From India. Oxford. $1.50.

THE FOREIGN Policy Association is, today, by almost general consent, admitted to be the best-informed body of opinion in the United States—with the possible exception of the State Department. Its Headline Series, of which Mr. Rosinger's exceptionally brilliant "Restless India" is the latest volume, is published by the FPA as a service to its members. And what a very signal service it is! It would be hard to praise this little book too highly, either for its clarity, its objectivity, or for the enormous wealth of information it contains in such a remarkably small space. It is a "must" for all libraries and institutions of learning, as well as for the reference shelf of any citizen who would wish to consider himself well documented on India and on her vast and various problems, current no less than bygone.

The chapters on Modern Industry and City Life, on Trade and Commerce, are especially valuable with their clear illustrations, and their charts, such as those showing Britain's stake in India today, who traded with India in 1940, the production per man and per acre in India and in the USA, and the maps of population distribution, mineral wealth and chief exports. Rarely, to crib yet once again Mr. Churchill's hackneyed and immortal phrase, have so many facts been so succinctly set forth in so few pages.

For some unexplained reason, the long and able introduction by Lord Halifax—sometime Viceroy of India himself—has been omitted from the bound copy available to the general public. This is a great loss, for His Lordship's comments greatly enhanced the value of the book, and there seems no valid excuse for jettisoning them, and thus favoring FPA members who bought the paper-bound edition.

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Krishnalal Shridharani has written about Mr. Gandhi with imagination and intelligence. But he is a little diffuse, and his book suffers from having a certain air of apology about it, as though it were a letter of credence sent ahead of himself to his native land by the author, who fears, perhaps, that his compatriots will feel he has tarried too long on this most worldly of all continents. Mr. Shridharani knows the Mahatma well; he took part, as a young student, in the famous salt march to the sea; he has lived at Sevagram, Gandhi's settlement, as a disciple. He tries hard to be fair. "As the modern man is open to the charge of being oblivious of the everlasting, so the Mahatma is open to the charge of being oblivious of the immediate" he concedes. He admits that it is maddening of Gandhi to insist on rushing back to give his patients their enemas at Wardha, when conferring with Sir Stafford Cripps at New Delhi. Gandhi, he admits, blunts the efficiency of all his followers, and fritters away his own time and energy, expending his vitality on such trivialities as analyzing the bad dreams of his pupils, or discussing the ideal thickness of a soup. The Mahatma, who holds "the destiny of India in his wasted palm," turned away statesmen at the Round Table Conference in London in 1931 "because he was busy discussing the divinity of Christ with clergymen of the Church of England." Yet, "one is efficient at a certain time in a given area," Mr. Shridharani points out, "one is great, independent of time and space. A great man is a whole man." Gandhi's "basic interest is the art of living and of dying and of maintaining an evolutionary trend through the cycle which ends in godhead." And it is "on the note of happiness that Gandhi's life revolves. The difference between him and a hedonist is to be found in the levels and the intensity of happiness, and not in Gandhi's mortification of the body. Catholic scholasticism has already conveyed this idea, in scientific terminology, to the Western world. The height of happiness is in inverse ratio to the rapidity of satiety."

Mr. Shridharani contributes a most balanced and useful analysis of the confused events—and their crystal-clear motivation—which preceded Gandhi's arrest and imprisonment in 1942. Thereafter, while "Gandhi cooled his heels in prison," the Indian struggle "became the battle for American public opinion."

The anecdotes about Gandhi's far-away youth as a barrister, and his South-African struggle, with Marshal Smut's comments on it, and on his then adversary, are very valuable. The account of Margaret Sanger's long visit to Gandhi's ashrama—she spent two days there in 1936—is of particular interest to Catholic readers, as Gandhi's views on the subject of birth-control are identical with those of the Church. Mr. Shridharani himself obviously applauds Margaret Sanger, but honestly gives the facts and figures: five children per family is the average in India, and America beats India by one per cent in population increase annually. "Nor is India the most densely populated country in the world. The mean density does not exceed 246 per square mile. England, Germany, Italy, Japan, Java and Puerto Rico are more densely populated than India." Mr. Rosinger confirms this: "the average rate of net population growth during the past seventy years has been lower than in England or the United States."

The Oxford Press has published as an anthology the entries for the Viceroy (Lord Wavell's) first verse competition, together with a few poems "collected through private channels." This competition was announced in the *Army Digest* in September, 1944. Lord Wavell's choice for winner was Keith Watson's "To England."

I shall come back
Find you bescarred, and yet more holy
Laid low in dust
More proud than lowly
I shall come back
And see again the clover and the rose
Blooming anew, and bending to each summer wind that blows
And, being back, shall find again
When war is over
The gates of Heaven are but the cliffs of Dover.

Alun Lewis and Clive Branson, both killed in action, stand out in this collection as the poets who had most that is valid to say about India. The editors "would have liked more poems from Indians" (there are only three, two by women). They have included a "nostalgia" section, not one of which reaches the perfection, though almost all carry the mood, of Alice Meynell's lovely "Roman Villa above Bath."

ANNE FREMANTLE.

The Life and Kingdom of Jesus in Christian Souls. Saint John Eudes. Kenedy. $3.00.
The Sacred Heart of Jesus. Saint John Eudes. Kenedy. $2.00.

THESE two books, now quite admirably done into English, serve as the complement one of the other. The first is a treatise which views the Christian way of life as the labor of the individual in allowing Our Lord to live and to reign within him. Obviously, this sort of striving must fill a lifetime, but it is here portrayed in such a fashion that the Christian attends more to its attractiveness than to its difficulties. And he finds in the book a whole series of definite practices, alloted for daily, weekly and monthly use, which make tangible the suggestions of the saint.

The other volume, in its present form considerably smaller than the first, seems designed as material for separate meditations rather than intended for continuous reading. Historically, it has the distinction of being the earliest work to deal of set purpose with the cult of the Sacred Heart. Though composed three centuries ago, there is in it the touch of the classic and that warmth of feeling which we associate with this most popular of modern Catholic devotions.

The editors announce the early appearance in English dress of four other writings from the pen of Saint John Eudes. One expects their publication to be welcomed, for our own generation has special need of the timeless message of the saint: that no life is fully lived until Christ becomes its center.

HENRY G. J. BECK.

Mariology. Rev. M. J. Scheeben. Herder. $2.50.

DURING May and October, with the widespread recitation of the Litany of Loretto, Holy Mother Church calls attention to the extravagance of her praise of the Mother of God. In solid confirmation of such extravagant terminology can be adduced an increasing body of solid theology. With this in mind, the reader need not be shocked by many of the conclusions which Father Scheeben draws concerning the rôle of Mary in the Divine Plan.

Regarding Mariology as a distinct sacred science, the

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author treats, in Part One, of such "concepts and sources" of his subject as the Old and New Testaments, Tradition, and literature about Mary. In Part Two the reader is given the "Christological Foundations of Mariology," which is an exhaustive discussion of Mary as Virgin and Mother and her relations with Each Member of the Trinity. Part Three treats of "the basic principle of Mariology" and concerns itself specifically with "the distinguishing mark of Mary's person" and the source of her dignity. Four Appendices throw light upon various aspects of the text itself.

MARK BARRON, O.P.

The Peckham Experiment. Innes H. Pearse and Lucy H. Crocker. Yale. $3.50.

WITH THE ZEAL of new converts to the faith, two women, a biologist and a physician, have turned sociologists and aided in a genuine social experiment. Their report, "The Peckham Experiment," is a refreshing piece of research, especially to anyone who has had to wade through the endless descriptive case-studies of sociologists who would rather not get their PhDs than be caught with a normative principle. The authors and the group associated with them in conducting the Pioneer Health Centre in the Peckham district of London began with an interest in disease. Being young and not committed to any conventional system, they decided to experiment on the basis of two assumptions: that a technique for health is distinct from the practice of medicine, and that the achievement of health must come through the normal unit of living, the family. They wanted to study families in an average environment representing a cross-section of incomes and occupations. To make this possible they raised funds to build the Center, a combination clinic and recreation building, available for a monthly dollar fee to 2,000 families. The design of the building, fully described with 16 pages of illustrations, was an experiment in itself. Aside from the consultation clinic, the whole place—cafeteria, swimming pool, game and dancing floors—had a maximum of visibility so parents could watch children, family watch family, and the biologists watch all of them. A seductive laboratory.

Each family membership began with a health overhaul; over 90 percent of the individuals were found to have some physiological defect. Periodic health overhauls were the official symbol of measurement in the experiment. More important, however, seems to have been the increase in psychological health, the increase of "ease" and the lessening of "dis-ease," even though some physical deficiencies remained. Social, not physical, disorder accounts for most people in the long lines at the offices of "doctors, psychopathologists, almoners, social workers, child guidance specialists, magistrates, probation officers." For woman in particular, "marriage is apt to lead her into conditions in which social stagnation and inaction are almost unavoidable." More than anything else, the experiment revealed the depressing fact of the isolation of urban families in modern society. The authors conclude that the restoration of vital family life and the development of techniques and opportunities for community fraternity are greater needs today than medical clinics.

The authors do not forget their original professions in their enthusiasm for social welfare and more than half the book is a detailed analysis of the family from the viewpoint of biology. The deep biological interdependence of the family is treated in valuable chapters on pregnancy,

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infancy, school days, courtship, and marriage. Most of it goes to support the thesis that Grandma was right and modern ideas wrong. Doctors, educators, suffragists and nearly all other professional scientists are spanked by these biologists, passionately defending the old-fashioned notions of the family on the scientific data of the Center's health overhauls. Morning sickness and weakness during pregnancy come in most instances from the neurotic condition of a wife overpowered by fear and mistaught to believe that child-bearing is a crisis instead of a normal healthy function. The maternity hospital is an aberration, harmful not only to mother and child but also to the father who is separated from the "nest" at the time nature meant him to be most important. Breast feeding, of course, is a biological must. Infants are rarely spoiled; rather, their disorderly characteristics come from a childhood shriveled by schedules and unnatural handling. The modern school is one of the worst offenders, and the authors denounce the tendency "at an ever earlier age to *supersede parental nurture* by the technique of the educational specialist—who may well not even have the basic maturity of parenthood!"

Desensitized persons are "the biological price we pay for any attempted 'equality' of the sexes." All the appeals to sex in modern life "are but one other item in the accumulating evidence of a generalized devitalization, avirilism and decadence." Promiscuous relations and trial marriage are "biologically a dangerous procedure." The modern girl is unfit for marriage, not even having a "dowry of skill." In short, these biologists are scandalized by what modern living has done to the family. They will make many educationists and specialists angry, just as their normative approach will irritate the majority of professional sociologists. Too bad, for "The Peckham Experiment" is easily the most stimulating and important book on the family and society in a long time.

EMERSON HYNES.

Piero di Cosimo. R. Langton Douglas. Chicago. $5.00.

AMONGST fifteenth century Florentine painters, Piero di Cosimo was a naturalist of the utmost sincerity. In an age which admired and pursued science and formality in art he cut a curious figure, and was regarded by his contemporaries as eccentric to the point of exclusion from ordinary social life. We are told that "he would never have his rooms swept, he would not have his garden worked, nor his fruit-trees pruned." He allowed his vines to grow and the shoots to trail over the ground "for it pleased him to see everything wild, like his own innate character."

His sincerity, hidden by these briars, escaped the notice of his contemporaries, and that of most art historians since his day: they underrated this great father of modern painting. It is only now that the undergrowth has been cleared, and Piero's real stature is seen.

Mr. Langton Douglas has provided a hundred pages of acute and diversified criticism, and eighty-seven pages of brilliant illustrations. In them we may examine in general and in detail, the feast of living observation and curious thought which Piero made. And we may be sure of our enjoyment, for in his painting, as in his conversation, "he was very varied and original, and sometimes said such beautiful things that he made his hearers burst with laughter."

CHRISTOPHER FREMANTLE.

The Inner Forum

The Church in Scandinavia

THE current issue of the Bulletin of St. Ansgar's Scandinavian Catholic League brings news of the Catholic Church in a mission area unheard from for a long time. Reports and letters are printed from Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Iceland and Finland. An introductory article by John LaFarge, S. J., summarizes the general situation:

> In each of these reports we find different phases of the same picture: people of all European nationalities have come to the Scandinavian countries, as workers or as refugees or in some cases as prisoners. . . .
>
> In Sweden the activity of the Church is enormously increased by its ministrations to some fifteen thousand Poles, mostly Catholic women, as well as the Catholic clergy and other fugitives. In Denmark some twenty thousand Catholics, German and Polish, were found among the displaced persons and fugitives, as well as nationalities of the Baltic States. . . . Catholics in Sweden are but a bare 5,000 out of a total population of 6,500,000, yet they are shouldering this immense work and in the scope of their ministrations have found some twenty-eight thousand people, French, Belgian, Dutch, etc.
>
> The mere, tiny handful of Catholics who make up the Church in Finland have an even more arduous task because of the isolation of their country, its terribly distressed condition and their extremely small numbers and their total destitution of any help. . . .
>
> Add to all this the terrific sufferings of the Church, along with all other Christians, in Norway. We find the Catholics there, as might well be expected, in the very forefront of the resistance and leading, with their limited numbers and resources, in the country's rehabilitation. . . .
>
> Furthermore, the part that the Church is now playing in these countries contains within it the generous seeds of its future growth. Through the self-immolation and labors, trials and prayers of the Scandinavian Catholics the spiritual field is being plowed which is already, we can be sure, bringing many a convert to the Catholic Faith and is certain to hasten the return of these countries to the ancient Faith of their fathers. Less and less does the Church in those lands appear as the religion of a small, exotic minority. . . .

The Vicar Apostolic of Sweden, Bishop Johannes E. Muller, contributes a letter telling about the care for the Catholics among the American airmen interned during the war:

> It is a fact that American flyers in comparatively large numbers have been interned in Sweden in the course of the year 1944. Among these were about 150 Catholics, for the most part practicing their faith. In agreement with the Swedish authorities, I delegated a French Dominican Father, with some knowledge of English, to regularly visit the five camps of these aviators. . . .
>
> In giving me a detailed account of these monthly visits, he did not conceal the deep joy he experienced at the piety, simplicity and apostolic spirit of the American Catholics. A good third of the internees went to Confession and Holy Communion every month. About ten of them took advantage of the peace and liberty they were enjoying to become once again faithful children of the Holy Church, and, led on by the good example of their comrades, after years of religious indifference, returned to the practice of the Sacraments. We have had a very touching proof of the generosity of your fliers. An American Catholic, having heard from a Swedish Protestant that the nuns in Stockholm were building a holiday home for poor children, took the initiative

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of making a collection among his Catholic comrades. This produced the fabulous sum of 2,000 crowns.

I am also happy to inform you that an Air Force lieutenant, who had taken catechism lessons in America, profited by his internment in Sweden to complete his religious instruction. He made his profession of faith and made his First Communion in Stockholm before returning to San Francisco; and, quite recently, a young Protestant sergeant confided to the Father his desire to become a Catholic. . . .

In another letter, Bishop Muller tells about Sweden's more general war work among Catholics:

. . . This situation was worst during the last year of the war, when the crowds of fugitives, from the Baltic countries, for instance, grew greater than ever before. And then, during the spring and summer of 1945, through the efforts of the Swedish Red Cross, there were brought to Sweden vast numbers of people released from the internment camps in Germany. They were of different nationalities, and, among them, 15,000 Poles, mostly Catholic women. On arrival in Sweden, they were placed in different camps, to regain health and strength. We then had to organize the giving of spiritual help and carry on social and other charitable work for all these thousands of our Catholic brethren. . . .

But now the war is over, officially, and we are gradually returning to normal conditions and communications. Still, we are faced with severe tasks; in the first place those of an organizatory nature. Our establishments must be extended and improved. In some places it will be necessary to establish new missions, temporarily, in some instances, especially in those centers with fugitives, and in places where there live and work numbers of Catholics at a great distance from a priest and the possibility of obtaining spiritual assistance.

Another Swedish letter tells about the Swedish State Church:

Are you interested in a report on the State Church? It is estimated that about 4 percent of the people attend church regularly. Avesta is a town of 6,000, but only about 50 or 100 are in the Lutheran Church on Sunday. The mission churches—Salvation Army, Methodist, Pentecostal, etc.—do much better. Especially the Pentecostal. They are powerful enough to publish a nation-wide daily newspaper. There is a "high church" movement especially in Southern Sweden which is loudly decried for its return to ritual. The mission churches want none of "this popery."

The report from Norway tells about the underground resistance to nazism:

That nazi ideology and the teaching of the Catholic Church always have been irreconcilable opponents is known to everyone. We all know the desperate fight of the Church in Germany. And even the small Catholic community in Norway [population 2,837,000; Catholics, 2,700] had to stand and fight. Of course, we could not put up a separate fight —we would have been wiped out in that case—but we did whole-heartedly join the home front, the civil as well as the Church front.

First of all I ought to mention that the Apostolic Vicariate of Oslo (which includes the whole Southern Norway) did not suffer any great material losses. None of our churches or hospitals were bombed or destroyed. On the contrary in the two Apostolic Prefectures of Middle and North Norway, they lost several hospitals, and churches were bombed or destroyed by the retiring German army. Otherwise I have no detailed reports from happenings in the two prefectures during the war. They were mostly priests of German descent and had to be very careful. But they did join the national fight and put up a fierce

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NEXT WEEK:

Henry Wallace and William Bullitt have recently turned out books presenting two very different views of Russia's rôle in world affairs. Philip Burnham gives you his idea of their ideas . . . . In "Saratoga Resartus" Euphemia Van Rensselaer Wyatt draws a light, nostalgic picture of the season at Saratoga in 1898. . . . Harry L. Binsse tackles a question that is very hot in French Canada these days—the problem of Catholics participating in non-sectarian or "neutral" organizations such as trade unions, cooperatives, etc. Don't miss "The Fight over Neutrality." . . . The recent death of Alfred Stieglitz, patron of artists and most famous American photographer, calls forth a warm tribute and appreciation from Paul Rosenfeld.

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resistance. They are very popular up North and after the capitulation were allowed to continue their mission work although all other German civilians were expelled from the country. . . .

In 1942 His Excellency Monsignor Mangers joined the Protestant bishops in a very strong protest against Quisling's attempt to nazify the youth. . . . He was called down to Gestapo Headquarters and requested to retract the protest and if he didn't something would happen. It sounds perhaps a little romantic, but the Bishop pointed at his throat and said: "You may cut off my head if you want to, and I am not going to take a word back."

Five of our Catholic priests were arrested during the war—two Dutchmen and three Norwegians—and sent to concentration camp. . . . Several of our Catholic laymen did some splendid work in the underground movement during the war. Many of them were caught, put in camps and sent on to the German hell—some of our best Catholics did not return. . . .

During the war we suffered a great lack of priests, but now eight new ones have arrived (three Norwegians). So we go ahead with courage and heaps of optimism. We are going to build some new churches and the Cathedral of St. Olav in Oslo will be enlarged.

From Denmark, where the population is 3,614,000 and the number of Catholics is normally only 30,000, a Copenhagen priest reports:

> On the 5th of May I was able to return to Denmark and after a few weeks I resumed my work in my parish. Now I must take on a new problem: the 300,000 fugitives in Denmark with more than 30,000 Catholics; the most part are German and Polish. There are thirty foreign Fathers here in Denmark.

Sigrid Undset was unable to send a regular report from Lillehammer, Norway, when she returned to her home from America:

> . . . I could not manage to write this article. Among other things, this house has been occupied by the Germans for four years, and of course they have stolen or destroyed or damaged everything they got hold of. Good friends had managed to save a lot, however, and as things are coming home from the places where they have been hid during the occupation, I have to try and fit them in as well as possible. At present I am trying to put my library in order. My attorney saved it by a strategem. . . . Now the books have returned, but the bookshelves have been used as fuel by the Germans. . . .
>
> Othewise we are really very well off, as to food and fuel—of course no luxuries, but compared to the situation in France or Holland for instance, not to mention the countries in Eastern Europe, we suffer no real want. But clothing is very scarce, housing conditions very, very bad . . . and people still suffer from the strain of the war years.

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